

The Musical World.

THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

Price { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, St. James's-hall.

—Conductor, Dr. WILDE.—Subscribers are respectfully informed that the FIFTEENTH SEASON will commence in April next. The subscription is for five grand Vocal and Instrumental Concerts, on Wednesday evenings, and five grand public rehearsals, on the previous Saturday afternoons. Terms: Stalls and first row balcony, 23 2s.; second row balcony, 21 11s. 6d. The orchestra will be on the same grand scale as in previous seasons, and will consist of the most eminent instrumentalists. The stalls of subscribers of last season will be reserved for them until February 1st, after which date all unclaimed stalls will be offered by priority of application to new subscribers. Subscribers' names are received by the Hon. Sec., W. G. NICHOLLS, Esq., at 33, Argyll Street, W.; Messrs. Chappel and Co., 50, New Bond Street; Messrs. Lamborn Cook and Co., New Bond Street; Messrs. Ollivier, Old Bond Street; Messrs. Hotchings and Bomer, 9, Conduit Street, W.; and by Mr. Austin, ticket office, St. James's-hall.—W. GAZETT NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, March 1st, St. James's Hall.—SACRED CONCERT, with Mr. Sims Reeves, Mad. Lumsden Sherrington, Miss Whylock, Mr. John Thomas, and Mont. Pague. Tickets, (5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.) Lamborn Cook, Addison, and Co., 63, New Bond Street; Keith, Prosser, 48, Cheapside; Austin, 28, Piccadilly.

GOLDSMITHS' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION

CONCERT, St. James's Hall, Tuesday, February 27th, at Eight o'clock.—Madame Parepa, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Eyles, Mr. Sims Reeves, and West London Madrigal Society. Pianoforte, Mr. Hartvigson; Harmonium, Mons. Lemmens; trumpet, Mr. T. Harper; accompanists, Mr. Frank Mori, Mr. B. Hart, and Herr W. Ganz. Conductor, Mr. Joseph Hemling. Tickets, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.; a few Sofa Stalls at 10s. 6d.; Austin's ticket office, 28, Piccadilly; Lamborn, Cook Addison, and Co., 63 and 65, New Bond Street; Chappell, 50, New Bond Street, W., &c.

I NAVIGANTI.

MISS BANKS, MR. W. H. WEISS and MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing RANDEGGER's Popular Trio, "I Naviganti" (The Mariners), at Bath, March 1st.

MISS BERRY GREENING.

MISS BERRY GREENING (who has been hitherto known to the public as Miss Berry, only) requests that all communications relative to lessons or engagements, either in town or in the provinces, be addressed to her, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison, 244, Regent Street, London, W.

MADLE. LIEBHART.

MADLE. LIEBHART will SING the immensely successful New Ballad, "The Lover and the Bird," (composed expressly for her by Guglielmo) at Clifton, on the 14th March.

MR. ALBERTO LAURENCE.

MR. ALBERTO LAURENCE (First barytone of the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden) is at liberty to accept engagements for Opera, Oratorio, Concerts, &c.—Address, 14, Percy Street, Bedford Square, W.

MR. ALBERTO LAURENCE.

MR. ALBERTO LAURENCE will Sing WALLACE's last Song, "The home of early love," at Mr. Howard Glover's Grand Morning Concert, at the Theatre Royal Astley's, on Monday morning next, February 26th.

MR. CHARLES ADAMS.

MR. CHARLES ADAMS.—All letters, respecting engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., are to be forwarded until April 2nd, 1866, to Mr. CHARLES ADAMS, 12, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, W.

HERR ENGEL.

HERR ENGEL will return to England at the end of March, after his continental engagements and concerts. Herr Engel will give THREE HARMONIUM RECITALS on Mondays, May 14th, 28th, and June 11th. Letters and engagements, care of Messrs. CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond Street, W.

WANTED.

A GOOD PIANOFORTE TUNER WANTED.—State age, salary required, and reference.
Address—R. PORTS & Co., Music Warehouse, Brighton.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will Sing HENRY SMART's admired "Hark the Bells are Ringing," at Walthamstow, Feb. 27th.

MADAME W. VINCENT WALLACE,

Pianist to Her Grace the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland,

Begs respectfully to announce to her Friends that she will Resume giving

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MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to announce

that she has resumed her GUITAR TEACHING for the season, in town and country.—38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W., where may be had her latest publications for the Guitar.

MR. RALPH WILKINSON (of the OPERA DI CAMERA)

begs to announce that he is now at liberty to accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, and Private Soirées. Terms (as well for instruction in Singing may be had on application at his residence, 8, Keppel Street, Russell Square.

MRS. TENNANT begs to announce her return to town

for the season. Terms for Concerts, Oratorios, Soirées, &c., as well as for instruction in Singing, may be obtained of Mrs. Tennant, 58, Maddox-street, New Bond-street, W.

WILLIE PAPE—Honored by the command of H.R.H.

the Prince of Wales—will continue his TOUR through the Provinces.—Address—No. 9, Soho-square, W.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing his new song, "Airy

Fairy Lillian," at Ashford, March 6th.—122, Adelaide Road, N.W.

MADLE. ENEQUIST begs to announce that she has

returned to London from her tour in Sweden. All communications to be addressed to 37, Golden Square.

MADLE. LINAS MARTORELLE begs to announce

that as her engagement at (La Scala) Milan does not terminate until the 25th of March, she will not be in London before the 30th.—Address Messrs. DAVISON and Co., Regent Street.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF will Sing "Rock me to

sleep," (composed by Benedict) at Glasgow City Hall, THIS DAY, Saturday, February 24th.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF will Sing Sig. RANDEGGER's

Admired Venetian Song, "Beneath the blue transparent Sky," at Glasgow City Hall, THIS EVENING, Saturday, February 24th.

SIGNOR AMBONETTI will Sing, THIS DAY, at

Glasgow, GOLDENROD's admired New Song, "The Reproach" ("Why with those smiles will you seek to deceive me.") (S'vous n'avez rien a me dire.) N.B.—This charming song will shortly be published by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MISS CARLOTTA ZEBINI will Sing "The Children's

Kingdom," by BLUMENTHAL, and "I cannot sing the old Songs," by CLARABEL, at Mr. M'Korkell's Concert, Northampton, on the 28th of February, 112, Camden Street, N.W.

MADLE. LIEBHART.

MADLE. LIEBHART will SING (by desire) the cele-

brated "LIEBHART POLKA," (composed expressly for her by Prof. R. MULDER) at Clifton, on the 14th March. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 8, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood.

MADLE. LIEBHART.

MADLE. LIEBHART will SING the immensely suc-

cessful New Ballad, "The lover and the bird," (composed expressly for her by GUGLIELMO) at Mr. Howard Glover's grand concert at the Theatre Royal, Astley's, on Monday, February 26th.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT'S

"CARNAVAL DE VENISE," at Mr. Howard Glover's Concert, Feb. 26th, and at Herr Fass's Concert, at the Beethoven Rooms, March 3rd.

MISS FANNY ARMYTAGE will sing **THIS DAY** at Edinburgh; 26th, Ashton-under-Lyne; 27th, Queen's Concert Room, Hanover Square; 12th March, Camberwell; 15th, at Miss Madalena Cronin's Recital. Letters, respecting Oratorios, Concerts, etc., to be addressed to 15, Park Crescent Stockwell, S.

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MR. DEACON begs to announce that his second Chronological Recitation of Pianoforte music will take place at the Lecture Hall, Derby, on Monday, 26th inst., at 8 o'clock.—10, Wimpole Street.

MR. W. H. CUMMINGS will sing **HENRY SMART's** New Song, "THE ANGEL OF HOME," at Hertford, on Tuesday evening next, February 27th.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WALES. For Pianoforte, by **BARKLEY RICHARDS.** Fantasia No. 1, "North Wales," performed by the Composer at Mr. Ransford's Concert, Feb. 21, and repeated in answer to a vociferous encore. Also Fantasia No. 2, "South Wales." Each 4s. Free, each, for 25 stamps.

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16.	Clementi's Sonata, No. 2, Op. 37in G	5	0
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12.	Dussek's Sonata, No. 1, Op. 35	6	0

London: **Ashdown & Parry**, 18, Hanover Square.

FELIX-MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.*

(Continued from page 100.)

To give an opinion or an analytical criticism, nay, even merely to enter upon a detailed characterisation of a work which has made its way through nearly the whole civilised world, and met everywhere with the most lively appreciation—of a musical composition, the remembrance of which, but lately renewed, still lives, as it were, in all hearts and all ears, would neither be in place, nor form a part of my duty. I only ask leave to offer some apologetic observations and hints. Viewed in a formally-aesthetic light, there may certainly be many weak features in the work. The individuality and effectiveness of Paul are certainly thrown somewhat into the background by the martyrdom of Stephen, and the Second Part is inferior to the First in dramatic interest. But the idea running through the whole work is too high and general to require to be strictly bound up with a single individual; we have the glorification of Christianity, with its humility, and with its joyous alacrity to live and die for the Lord, as opposed to the stubborn self-righteousness of Judaism, and the sensually-cheerful view taken of life by Heathenism; we have the antagonism of these two principles (more obstinate certainly in the case of Judaism) to the first, and the triumph of the first through the revelation of eternal light, and the immediate influence of divine love. This idea is bodily represented in the person of Stephen, Paul, and Barnabas, and concentrated in what is really the central point of the whole oratorio, the conversion of Paul. Some persons have felt inclined to blame the composer for having given the single voice of the Lord to a chorus of female voices, that is to say, perhaps, angels; he should rather, it has been asserted, have merely suggested this voice by means of a powerful blast on the trombone. But it is this very medium between the material employment of words spoken by a man, and a mere suggestion by means of a blast alone, that strikes me as a most happy hit of the composer, for the phenomenon is thereby rendered supernatural without losing its character of reality. All arguments, however, it strikes me, must yield to the powerful impression undoubtedly produced by this angels' chorus on every heart with the slightest claim to susceptibility. Who is there, who on hearing it, has not felt a shudder as it were run through him at finding himself face to face with the omnipresence and omniscience of God! And how is this impression strengthened by the powerful chorus, "Mache Dich auf, werde Licht," that flashes like the very lightning from Heaven into the darkness of earth! What a forcible admonition to conversion is contained in the following highly solemn chorale, "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme," and what a triumph of the future victory and also of the approaching judgment is contained in the majestic notes of the trombone, which accompany every phrase, and remind us of the magnificence of old Zion, illumined, however, by the light of the New Covenant! How strikingly, too, is the difference between the Christian, Jewish, and Heathen element expressed in the choruses! Let the reader only compare the choruses: "Siehe, wir preisen selig die erduldet haben," No. 11, and: "O welch' eine Tiefe des Reichthums, der Weisheit und Erkenntniss Gottes," No. 22, with the two Jewish choruses: "Dieser Mensch hört nicht auf zu reden Lästerworte," No. 5, and: "Hier ist des Herren Tempel! Ihr Männer von Israel, helfet," No. 38, and these again with the choruses, Nos. 33 and 35: "Die Götter sind den Menschen gleich geworden," and: "Seid uns gnädig, hohe Götter," and he must confess how characteristically the three different elements are treated. A most original and magnificent embellishment to the oratorio are the chorales, which are always introduced in the right place. While we find concentrated in them the most intrinsically pure expression of pious Christian sentiment, their power is materially increased by the addition of the most pleasingly constructed harmony. There can be no doubt that, in the case of many persons who perhaps had not for a long time taken part in any sacred melody, the magnificence of the Christian and especially the Evangelical psalmody was once more rendered clear and carried to the heart. This effect may possibly have only been imitated from the great Sebastian Bach, but is the composer, on that account, less

deserving of our thanks for reviving, after the lapse of a hundred years, the Christian chorale, in all its fervour and dignity, and, moreover, beautified by the resources at the command of modern art? Finally, it is impossible to speak in terms of too high praise of the pious and masterly skill with which the artist, working up a text selected from the words of the Bible itself into a well proportioned historical picture, possessing the richest variety, has executed a most difficult task. Though, in our opinion, the great strength of the oratorio consists in the choruses and chorales, we would by no means wish to undervalue the solos. The recitatives are all magnificently treated, and, for instance, it is impossible to conceive anything more dramatically effective, and, at the same time, more in accordance with the style of sacred composition, than the two airs for Paul, the thunder-air: "Vertilge sie, Herr Zebaoth," and the air of repentance: "Gott, sei mir gnädig, nach Deiner grossen Güte." Similarly, in the soprano air: "Jerusalem, die du tödest die Propheten;" the arioso for contralto: "Doch der Herr vergisst der Seinen nicht," and in the air for Paul: "Ich danke Dir, Herr mein Gott," no one, most assuredly, will fail to recognise the depth and vividness of Christian feeling presented in the most finished musical form. In one word, the whole oratorio produces an "edifying" effect, and that, too, in the highest acceptation of the epithet; it fortifies, it elevates, it ennobles our minds by the happy exhibition of religious feeling in the garb of the Beautiful. Whenever, as is the case in this instance, the Eternally-Beautiful and the Eternally-True join hands, the highest result of art has been attained, and success can never fail to follow.

Decorated with the fresh laurels which the performance of *St. Paul* in Leipsic brought him, figuratively and actually (a wreath of laurel was laid upon his conductor's desk), Mendelssohn now hastened to Frankfort, to entwine the wedding myrtle in the chaplet of fame. In the spring of 1837, the bond uniting him to Cecilia Jeanrenaud, second daughter of a deceased clergyman of the Reformed creed, was consecrated by the church. "Ach, es war wohl schöne Zeit."—In the August of the same year, accompanied by his bride, whose beauty and amiable disposition everywhere produced a most favourable impression, and by her mother and sister, he paid a visit to his old friends in Düsseldorf, with all of whom (Immermann excepted) he had always remained on the very best terms. As a rule, he was very fond of staying in Düsseldorf. According to his own statements, his visits to that city were among the happiest events of his life. When there, he gave himself his full swing, was in tip-top spirits, nay, absolutely frolicsome, and responded indefatigably to all demands upon his professional skill. On the present occasion, his *St. Paul* was again performed, in his honour, under the direction of his pupil and friend, Rietz. He himself was enabled to show his friends, as fresh fruits of his industry, the manuscripts of the 42nd Psalm, Op. 42; a second Concerto in D minor, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 40; and the Violin Quartet in E minor, Op. 44, No. 2; the last having been written before the other two. Thus even the first happy period of married life had not any influence in diminishing the rich vein of his artistic productivity. From Düsseldorf, also, he sent all ready for engraving, to Simrock, in Bonn, his three Motets for Female Voices, which he had partly written at Rome. From Düsseldorf, he proceeded, without his family, direct to England, being expected at the Birmingham Festival for the performance of his *St. Paul* (from the 19th to the 22nd September). The oratorio was given on the second day of the Festival before a most numerous assembly, but with some omissions in the Second Part. The entire work met with unanimous approbation, the choruses being rendered with unusual force, if not, invariably, with perfect accuracy. Mendelssohn's appearance in the orchestra towards the conclusion of the performance, was greeted with tumultuous applause.—In September of this year, *St. Paul* was given for the first time in Berlin also.

On the 2nd October, the very day he returned to Leipsic from his visit to England, we find him again officiating as Conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts, where of course he was welcomed by the audience with friendly applause, when he appeared before them. Weber's "Jubelouverture;" J. Haydn's chorus, "Des Staubes eitle Sorgen;" Beethoven's C minor Symphony; the air: "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," from *Der Freischütz*, sung by Fräulein Louise Schlegel, a highly gifted pupil of the Musik-

* "A Memorial for His Friends." By W. A. LAMPADUS. Translated expressly for *The Musical World* by J. V. BRIDGEMAN. (Reproduction interdicted).

director, Herr Pohlenz; and a new Concerto, written and played by F. David, inaugurated, most worthily and attractively, the series of musical entertainments for this winter. Since, as we have already said, it would take up too much space and weary the reader, were we to give an account of all the musical treats this winter, we will mention only what concerns Mendelssohn individually. As a highly agreeable fact resulting from his trip to England and tending to our advantage, also, may be recorded the engagement of an exceedingly talented and thoroughly accomplished singer, Miss Clara Novello, whose personal appearance, moreover, produced a most pleasing impression. Unfortunately, she sang only at the fifth and succeeding Subscription Concerts up to the tenth, at the Concert for the benefit of Old and Sick Musicians, and at a Farewell Concert. She was the daughter of a London music-publisher, for whom Mendelssohn, as far back as the year 1832, composed a Morning Service. Her silvery voice, as clear as a bell, her perfect method, and her charming appearance won every heart. The concerts were better attended than ever. On her first appearance, on the 2nd November, at the fifth Subscription Concert, she sang the two airs: "Ecco il punto, o Vitellia," from *Titus*, and "Casta diva," from *Norma*, taking leave of us at her Farewell Concert, on the 8th January, when, among other things, she sang, in most finished style, Beethoven's grand air: "Abscheulich, wo eilst du hin?"* At the third Subscription Concert, Mendelssohn performed his new Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, *Allegro appassionato, Adagio, and Scherzo gioioso*, as he then called the last movement. As a matter of course, he was rewarded with unqualified applause. At the second Quartet Entertainment, on the 19th November, a new Quartet of his, probably that in E minor, Op. 44, which he had taken with him to Disseldorf, was performed, the second and the final movement being those which were received with the greatest satisfaction. The second, indeed, had to be played *du capo*. At the Concert for Poor and Sick Musicians, the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was performed, Mendelssohn himself playing, with his usual success, his Capriccio Brillant in B minor. In the midst of all this, however, he united the entire musical resources of Leipzig for the execution of one of the greatest masterpieces of modern times. After numerous very carefully conducted rehearsals, Handel's *Messiah* was given, on the 16th November, the Pauliner-Kirche, lighted up for the occasion, being once more the locality. The number of the singers and instrumentalists was equal to that at the previous performances; the solos were sung by Mesdames Novello, Grabau-Bünau, Möllinger, Herren Gebhardt and Pünger. This *chef-d'œuvre* was given according to Mozart's arrangement, and its effect judiciously enhanced by an organ accompaniment to various passages, generally those treated in the choral style, and to the conclusion of certain selected choruses. The way the chorus, orchestra, and soloists fulfilled their respective tasks was most admirable, and the effect produced by the entire grandiose composition thoroughly satisfactory and elevating.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

THE APOLLO.

SIR,—A slight error has crept into my hurried note to you upon the subject of the "Life-boat" subscription which was so happily begun by Messrs. Coote and Tinney's band last Tuesday, and which I know you will, with your usual kindness, correct in your next issue—instead of 47 it should have been 42 New Bond Street, W. Might I trespass still further upon your urbanity by asking for a few words from your powerful pen in furtherance of this noble object? If so I feel convinced that the Life-boat of the musical profession would soon be launched.

It is possible that amateur musicians may get up a subscription among themselves for the same object, simply from a spirit of friendly rivalry to their professional brethren; in that case the title of "St. Cecilia" would not be at all inappropriate. What think you? Pray speak up, and sincerely oblige yours faithfully,

RANBLER.

ROME.—The new opera by the Maestro Petrella, called *Catherine Howard*, produced on the 7th instant at the Theatre Royal, has had a great success. The third act created a *furor*.

* At the end of October, on her return from Italy, she gave another concert.

PROFESSOR WYLDE'S LECTURES AT GRESHAM COLLEGE.

ON CONVENTIONALISM IN MUSIC.

IN HILARY TERM, 1866.

It is an universally received aphorism that "extremes are ever neighbours;" an universally acknowledged truth that all things in nature range between two antagonistic principles. Thus virtue is recognised as the opposite to vice; cold and heat, light and darkness, order and disorder, reality and fiction—all these represent the universality of antagonistic principles, amongst which, and as clearly marked, I believe, as any that I have quoted, I find that the antagonistic principles in the arts and sciences are, the true and beautiful on the one hand, and "conventionalism" on the other.

Conventionalism is not, as I define it, conservatism. Conservatism, although it is an opponent of progress and often a foe to improvement, is still the friend of truth; when it errs, it generally does so in its maintenance of something that is really good in itself, and though excessive conservatism represses aspiration and stultifies progress, it is valuable as a safeguard to truth, and a restraint to the inroads of error, caprice and folly. But conventionalism is a mere fashion, or custom of thought, which is just as often based upon false as upon true principles. It very frequently originates in some adroit and artful circumstance, the folly of the hour, the prejudice of some leading mind, or a bias given by popular opinion, which at last terminates in the tyranny of conventionalism. I do not mean that conventionalism never honours the good and true, or that it is invariably opposed to excellence, but I maintain that conventional habits of thought are generally unreasonable, and that their tyranny over the popular mind is almost always injurious to good sense and the high development of that truth and beauty which is the chief end and aim of art.

It is on account of the manifest injury which conventionalism has inflicted on the art of music, that I select it as the subject of my three lectures this Hilary Term. Conventionalism, I am aware, has been and can be exercised for good, but it is because it as often sanctions and perpetuates evil that I would urge its dethronement, in favour of the exercise of that reason and judgment which, when based upon right principles, need not resort to conventionalism to produce conclusions; besides, it is so frequently found perpetuating the false instead of the true, that I am confident its pernicious effects far counterbalance its good; for instance; the apologists of conventionalism urge that it is an agreement for the public weal, and that, in the intercourse of society, the conventional courtesies of life are valuable and good; but it cannot be denied that they are just as often false, hypocritical and treacherous, and that the pleasure they afford would be far better supplied by the genuine kindness of the human heart and that natural tendency to hospitality and courtesy existing amongst the truly great. Moreover, it is an acknowledgment that, if virtue be unattainable, its counterfeit should be substituted. Again, it is urged that conventionalism sustains the reputation of the great and good, who would otherwise be forgotten by an ungrateful posterity; that, for example, the great poet, Milton, is conventionally admired by thousands who are totally incapable of individually comprehending or appreciating the worth of his writings. To my mind this is no argument in favour of perpetuating a tyrannical and false system of exercising criticism. The author of *Paradise Lost* will always appeal to the master minds of every age for an admiration which is sufficiently marked and powerful to enshrine his name in the roll of immortality, and requires not the insensate testimony of mere conventionalism. The utmost conventionalism has done in this instance is has been to restrain the self-styled literary critics of the present day from launching out against the "Old Puritan," as he has been designated by political animosity, and exceeding, perhaps, even the vituperation of Dr. Johnson against his "vernal fertility, prolixity, and verbosity," for such were the obnoxious phrases hurled at one whose genius raised him above the herd of his assailants; but, if his memory is shielded by conventionalism from the abuse of those whose opinions are worthless, it can never add one jot to the admiration of those who have sense to perceive, and judgment to comprehend, the noble flights of his rare and sublime genius. Again, it is justly asserted there is a class or musicians (most of them disciples of the young German school) who, were it not for the conventional respect shown to the sacred oratorios of Handel, would openly express their repudiation of the sublimity of his works, and seek to uproot our almost national Handelian taste, by their cynical criticisms and overweening partiality for music of their own transcendental school. If conventionalism alone preserved Handel in the hearts of the English nation, we might well afford to bow to its shrine and thank it at least for one act of justice, but as in the case of Milton, Shakespeare, and the glorious host of Elizabethan fathers of poetry, as well as the yet later masters of musical art, I have too much respect for human nature, too high an opinion of human sense, and perception of the true and beautiful, to believe that

great and transcendent genius owes anything to conventionalism as an element of enduring fame. "The beautiful never dies," and though great geniuses may be indebted to some accident or fortuitous circumstance for their opening into public notice, nothing can maintain a hold upon human respect, nor retain a sway over the master minds of succeeding ages, like such poets as I have alluded to, and such musicians as we now honour in the generic title of the "great masters," without a far more worthy and enduring base for the pedestal of immortal genius, than mere conventional admiration. Milton, Shakespeare, Pope, Dryden, Addison, Steele, Ben Johnson, and their fellow-workers will live as long as man can appreciate writings whose fire was Promethean, and stolen from Heaven. The strophes of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Purcell, and others equally illustrious will be chanted through popular lips, and be echoed through future eras of civilization when the poet and musician of mere conventional admiration shall be known neither in voice or page, verse nor tone, amongst the posterity of those who worshipped them through the blind leading of conventionalism.

But it is chiefly in the realm of the arts, and especially of the musical art, that conventionalism depraves the taste and destroys with antagonistic perversity the true and beautiful. Remember I claim that genuine excellence does not need conventionalism to sustain it; and granted that the great mass of mankind either does not, or cannot, think for itself, but pronounces judgment on what it is "conventional" to admire and sanction, I still claim that the same pernicious spirit most commonly endorses that which is false, and that which has accidentally or fortuitously been forced into public notice; that it legalises by "general agreement," or endorses by unreasoning popular opinion, ideas and objects which are constantly discovered to be worthless, and absolutely wrong, and thus time is wasted, whilst the conventional idol reigns, and still more serious injury is perpetrated by a perversion of truth, which, as I shall show you in the case of music, becomes sacrificed at the shrine of a false and pernicious tyrant. I am confident every art has, and still does suffer under its infliction, though in a less degree than in music; but that I may not be accused of exaggeration, I will mention a few examples, and show how the architect, painter, and sculptor have suffered through conventionalism. The architect urges that conventional taste in his art has constantly retarded its progress, and perpetually substituted a style abounding with objections for the graceful, useful, natural, and therefore truly beautiful. Without wearying you with a detail of mere technicalities, I may refer you to many authorities on the subject to show that almost all the buildings of the middle and later periods, have been erected and adorned, or rather disfigured, in obedience to the conventional idea that mysticisms, symbolism, geometrical figures and rules, mere mathematics, or florid, and often grotesque, mixtures of various styles, was true art. The stern simplicity of the Tonic and Doric; the florid beauty of the Corinthian, and the chaste elegance of the Tuscan orders of architecture, need no conventional dogmas to excite our admiration or challenge our approval. The splendid Arabesque and Moriscan styles, the noble Gothic and pure Saxon are all distinctive and representative of their times and people; all suggestive of use, beauty, genius and adaptation. Too many noble examples of all these exist—are imitated, eulogized, and admired, to leave room for a doubt, that the really judicious and refined mind needs no popular cry to stimulate it to pronounce the verdict of "excellent"; but if you will accept the testimony which of the architect himself, you will find that periods have occurred in all these noble models have been sacrificed to the absurdities of what is called the "renaissance" style, to the tasteless deformities of the Georgian period, or the strange, and often grotesque, *resumé* of all ages and none commingled of our own time denominated "Gothic," but really unallied to it, in its attributes of beauty and usefulness.

It is generally acknowledged that the noblest models of the sculptor's art still date back to the Grecian era. Why is this? Has not the mind of man in his conquest over the elements and the achievements of science in every other direction stamped the age with the incontrovertible signs of progress? Has sculpture stood still or retrograded since the days of the Grecian era? The sculptor answers that genius cannot contend with the determined conventionalism which has substituted "dead dogmas" (called rules of art), for living nature. Conventionalism determines that a certain law, promulgated by Aristotle as an "aesthetic law" (but never intended to supersede the yet more admirable rules which can only grow out of a close observation of nature), must be observed, whether nature and its living inspiration be sacrificed or not. Aristotle has laid down as three essential rules of beauty, "Order," "symmetry," and the "definite." Conventional worship of Aristotle has seized upon these three definitions and determined that nature should conform to them in the strictest letter of the law, or else be sacrificed. Nature, always exalting herself above the formalism of any mere set of external rules, which have no regard to her ever various, mobile, and exquisite appeals to the feelings as well as the judgment, has been at last obliged to succumb to dogma.

The sympathetic, and almost living, beauty of the Athenian, Florentine, and Venetian schools of art have been "crowded out" by "formalism," "line and measure;" and the art of the sculptor is comparatively dead, or can only be galvanized into life by some determined innovator, who uses the sword of genius and the shield of living nature to slay the tyrant—"Conventionalism."

Turn to the testimony of the painter on the subject of conventionalism. The art of painting may be almost considered modern in comparison to others; but even here the grip of conventionalism has overlaid the canvass of the artist with its destroying rust and its corrupting mould. The painter aims at representing living nature on his canvass. To do this truthfully, nature must not only be imitated in external semblance, but as faithfully as may be, represented by those indescribable touches of genius, which can no more be reduced to formula than the human countenance can depict varying emotions in a state of placid repose. A great writer on art has remarked, that besides the necessity of representing "truth," there exists for the artist a great collateral necessity, viz., "*That of the visible operation of the human intellect in the presentation of truth.*" Now conventionalism insists upon the representation of truth in art, but fails to define what is "truth," hence it has narrowed down "genius" to the mere presentation of copies, and most vociferously applauds those who prove themselves to be the best imitators, whilst the infinite varieties of nature and the power of mind to embody these in the indescribable essence of all art, viz., "genius," finds no favour with conventionalism unless that same genius cramps itself down to mere imitation. Perhaps the best friend of the artist in this respect—and the best proof that "conventionalism" in painting has ever suffered—is being daily exhibited in the art of photography, applied to taking likenesses, which, whilst it is the most truthful of all imitations, too often proves its most certain caricaturist, and that from the very fact that it only effects what conventionalism demands in art, viz., to imitate the original with fidelity; but it almost inevitably omits that higher range of art which belongs only to human intellect, viz., to represent mind and embody genius.

I think I have said enough to prove that conventionalism deserves the rank I have assigned it in the arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting, as the antagonist of beauty and the foe of truth; and were I to pursue my analysis throughout the whole realm of nature, I am confident I should only add to, without in the least changing the aspect of my statement.

I have already stated that any injury which this fatal characteristic of foolish criticism, might inflict upon other arts and sciences was far exceeded in the wrong done to music; and it now remains for me to prove this assertion by an analysis of its action in this direction.

People are so accustomed to judge of music merely from the standard of conventionalism, and through that pernicious method of passing opinions to assume that everything is correct which they have been in the habit of calling so, that the majority of any audience popularly called musical in their proclivities, but not scientifically instructed in the art, would be astonished to be informed that all existing systems of intonation—that the adopted arrangement of tones, or relationship existing between them—are very false and untrue to nature, and that the sounds which they hear in the most popular musical compositions are but imperfect representations of those which nature demands, and is capable of producing.

In the succession of sounds, called a Diatonic Scale, the relationship of one note to another should be true to nature, that is to say, there should be such a succession and such a number of sounds between a given sound and its octave as would enable the constructor of a keyed instrument to arrange the sounds true to nature; but this, with the limited number of tones which conventionalism has adopted, it is impossible to do. Very few of the sounds are, therefore, true to nature, i.e., properly related to each other, and the musical ear which is satisfied with this unnatural relationship can only become so, by false training. This is absolutely the case, and conventionalism sanctions the outrage, till but few persons take heed of the defect inherent in our musical system, it is true that players on stringed instruments have a chance of correcting this defect, and by the aid of a fine ear can and do make use of certain sounds that have no representation in musical notation.

But performers on instruments with fixed tones are necessarily bound within their range of notes, and not only must themselves produce false sounds, but injure the ear, outrage nature, and oblige voices and stringed instruments to conform to their imperfect intonation. This conventional system has grown into too widely-spread an evil to admit of any possibility of correction. It has of necessity been adopted by all the composers of whom we have any published works, besides regulating the construction of far too many thousands of instruments having fixed tones, to render it in the least possible to effect any radical change in a given period of time. The last phase of this system has developed itself into what we call the "equal temperament system." The plan is this, "Any one of the semitones introduced between a sound

and its octave is taken as the sound to begin with, and the same system of intervals is made to occur between that note and its octave; for the vibrations of the semitones are successively increased, not by the same number of additional vibrations, as in the division of the monochord, but by such constantly increasing numbers as preserve an equality in the ratios of the semitones; the measure of pitch is in each semitone therefore the same." It is this system of which Col. Perronet Thompson, in his work on the Enharmonicon of the ancients, published about fifteen years ago says, "Instead of being considered the crowning invention of musical skill, it should be viewed as a lazy attempt to save trouble." It is like making a telescope one length for all eyes and distances, or making the fingers of a statue of one medium size. The arrangement is indeed a most bungling one, and entirely false to nature, which determines that the interval between certain consecutive tones and half tones in a scale should be greater than that between others; a fact which is constantly demonstrated by the natural inflexions of the voice, guided by a good ear, or the tones true to nature produced by sensitive violin players, in spite of the training they receive under the equal temperament system. Of course there are ears as insensible to these deficiencies as there are eyes who have not the perception of colors, to whom it is indifferent whether they make use of chromatic or achromatic lenses in a telescope. To the sensitive, however, this marked defect in the musical tones of a fine keyed instrument is essentially painful, while to all, its tendency is, to perpetuate the false, by falsely educating the popular ear. It has been proved by experience that a sensitive ear can detect the difference of tone in two notes varying according to measurement in less even than the 10th of a comma." Now in forming a diatonic scale on the equal temperament system, the variations from the absolute true, amount often to as much as eight or nine times the number of variations the ear is capable of appreciating. Good artists have not been wanting to deplore the use of this system. The celebrated Mme. Mara condemned the use of the pianoforte in the cultivation of the voice, because its fixed tones inevitably jarred against those supplied by her sensitive ear in vocalization, and the best singers realize most painfully that the violin alone can be judiciously used as an aid to their exercises for practice. Viotti, the great violinist of his day, testified to the fact that in order to play perfectly in tune and satisfy the demands of an ear attuned to the harmonies of nature, it is necessary to use a greater number of sounds than those laid down in musical notation, but the use of which, joined to those produced by an instrument with fixed tones, would render the combination intolerable. No experience, says the author of the article "Temperament" in Rees's *Encyclopædia*, has yet demonstrated that the human voice sings tempered tones even in accompaniment to tempered instruments, by which it is affirmed that good singers can only become so, when they sing in spite of conventional systems, within which nature is sacrificed, outside of which, conventionalism would if it could, sacrifice their reputation; for conventionalism is, I must add, as unjust as it is tyrannical. It first lays down laws which are almost invariably antagonistic to reason, and then in defiance of reason it uses conventional criticism to decry those who dare to overleap its dictum. So that I conclude by declaring that I am as opposed to conventionalism in every form, as conventionalism is opposed to truth and beauty. I am opposed to conventionalism in architecture because it palms off on the public incongruities only sanctioned by itself, for noble models which require to be endorsed by conventionalism. I denounce it in sculpture as a paralysis of genius, and a foe to progress. I protest against it in painting as a base imitator of dead art, and a knife which cuts the throat of living art, but above all and beyond all, I denounce it in music, for the many wrongs it has inflicted on the art, chief of which is its having forced our great composers to write for a "key-board," which we now know to be made on a false system, but to which we must adhere, or lose the fruits of the geniuses that accommodated themselves to that system, and forced it on posterity by leaving so many musical monuments of immortal beauty and worth.

COLOGNE.—M. Roger has commenced a short engagement by appearing as George Brown in *La Dame Blanche*. He was most warmly received.—Herr Isidor Seiss, Professor of the Piano at the Conservatory of this town, has set to music and produced, with satisfactory results, an operetta entitled *Der vierjährige Posten*, and written, in 1811, at Vienna, by Theodore Körner.

CASSEL.—M. Mortier de Fontaine lately gave a morning performance lasting two hours, when he played thirty pianoforte pieces by as many different composers, from William Bird (born 1543) to Anton Rubinstein (born 1829), and Joseph Rheinberger (born 1839). The programme contained biographical notices of the earlier composers.

AUGSBURG.—A new opera, *Käthchen von Heilbronn*, was produced at the Stadttheater on the 1st inst. The composer is Herr Moritz Jaffé, a Berlin merchant, well known as an amateur violinist in the Prussian capital.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Among the new or at any rate unknown compositions by M. Gounod of which the programme for the concert in aid of University College Hospital was entirely made up, that from which most was expected created the least sensation. The oratorio of *Tobias*—"petit oratorio," as M. Gounod himself denominates it on the inside cover of the Paris edition—is perhaps the work of the smallest pretensions that ever bore the title. The Apocryphal book of *Tobit* certainly does not offer very inviting materials; but the French librettist has only taken a handful of them, rejecting whatever does not bear more or less directly upon religious sentiment. Thus, at the outset, we have the blind Tobias mourning with his wife the absence of their son, consoling and admonishing her to have faith in the Divine mercy, and setting the example himself by an appeal in which entire resignation is mingled with servile devotion. To this succeeds the much hoped for, but still unexpected, return of young Tobias; his affectionate interview with his aged parents, whose joy is equal to his own, and his narration of how he had been spared to meet them once again. The Angel Raphael completes the group, and informs Tobias of the Heavenly decree, that his sight shall be restored by the child of whom he had been so long bereaved. Father and son being full of faith, the miracle is performed, and all join the Angel Raphael in glorifying God. *Voilà tout*. The music, though occasionally interesting and almost beautiful, is generally of so slight a texture as to warrant a belief that in *Tobias* M. Gounod had no idea of measuring his strength with even the most recent composers of oratorio, much less with the great masters who have excelled in that direction. And so far as we may judge from what he has done, and from the examples of his church music which have been made public, he was wise in this reserve. There are no indications of such strength of wing as would help him to soar into the loftiest region of musical expression. The most passionate admirer of M. Gounod's music will hardly claim for him the rank of contrapuntist, even of the second degree; nor can they reasonably assert that he has afforded evidence in his operas of being able to cope with anything more lofty than a romantic or a pastoral theme. His *Sapho*, produced at our Royal Italian Opera in 1851, and his *Reine de Saba*, both undeniable failures, emphatically proved that "grand opera," as it is styled, is not M. Gounod's forte. *La Nonne Sanglante* was also a failure. Here, nevertheless, the music, though tediously spun out, is at least on a par with the legendary story to which it is wedded. With a less dull and prolix book, *La Nonne Sanglante* might have helped the French musician to one of those chances of distinction of which he has in more than one instance, and especially in the universally popular *Faust*, so brilliantly availed himself; but the wise King of Israel and the impassioned poetess of Greece were not within his sphere. On the other hand, *Tobias*, which, after all, is no more than a religious pastoral, one might imagine would have elicited far more from a talent so distinguished; and we own that the result has greatly disappointed us. Crowded with M. Gounod's habitual mannerisms, it is more than usually barren of those happy turns of thought which in *Mireille* and *Faust* are continually apparent; while its melodic outline is more than usually pale and meagre. Of what is termed "writing," in the severe school at least, there is not a vestige; for surely the theme of the chorus, "Dieu clement ta puissance eclate," given out by the tenors, answered alternately by basses and trebles, and then abandoned, was never dreamt of as the commencement of a fugue. There are points of real expression in the introduction, "Oui du Seigneur la bonte tutelaire," though it is a little monotonous in the long run. The solo for the mother—"Ah! vous cherchez a tromper ma tendresse"—is truly plaintive; and the whole is instrumented for the orchestra with a rich glow of colour, peculiar to M. Gounod. The air (with chorus) of Tobias, "Ils ont dit vrai," is admirably conceived, and would be impressive to the last, but for the somewhat worn expedient of bringing in the principal theme at the end as a choral unison. As a mere piece of musical construction this number is the most perfect in the whole work. We cannot admire without considerable reservation the scene of which the return of the younger Tobias is the incident. The accompaniments of triplets, in semi-quavers, for string instruments, in the chorus "Dieu clement," are by no means well contrived; and though the tempo is marked "*allegro moderato*," it is barely possible for the instruments to play the notes; so that, whatever may have been the aim of M. Gounod, the effect is little better than one of confusion. When the fugue (if fugue was really intended) appears, the accompaniment prevents the answer and counter-answer to the theme from being distinctly intelligible; and thus, unambitious and short-breathed as the attempt, it passes for nothing. The coda to this chorus—"Sois beni"—on one of those "double pedals" in which M. Gounod delights, and which he not infrequently abuses, is by far the best part. Here there is neither fuguing nor tripling, but mere plain harmony. The air in which young Tobias asks his father's blessing is not happy. Labouring, prolix, fragmentary and taxing for the singer, its effect is by no means in proportion. The

quartet in which Raphael enjoins the son to accomplish the miracle of his father's cure is melodious and pleasing, a graceful figure of accompaniment, frequently reiterated, delicately contrasting with the voice parts. The orchestral interlude, performed while young Tobias, in fervent prayer, obeys the Angel's behest, is another excellent point in this scene. What follows—meant, we presume, to suggest the feelings of old Tobias on being restored to sight—is no more than a series of progressions through various keys. The climax—attained by a "*fortissimo*" on the words, "*Je vois!*" "*Il voit!*"—uttered simultaneously by Tobias and the others—is virtually no climax at all. This is, perhaps, both musically and expressively, the feeblest point in the work. The quartet and chorus, with harps, &c.—an exultant strain—is in good keeping, but not otherwise remarkable. The soprano air, "*Je suis Raphael*," the chorus of invisible angels, and the final chorus, in which all take part, to the accompaniments of harps, big drum, triangle, and cymbals, present no feature to call for especial consideration, unless it be that the theme of Raphael's air has a family likeness to that of the trio in the last act of *Faust*. To conclude, in plain language, *Tobias* can add nothing to the reputation of M. Gounod, who would stand precisely where he stood before, had he never committed one note of it to paper.

The execution was on the whole exceedingly good. The chorus, mostly amateurs, were careful and correct. The orchestra, led by M. Sainon, was all that could be wished; while the solo-singers—Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Rudersdorff, Miss Whytock, Messrs. Cummings, Patey, and Sims Reeves—were zealous and efficient without exception. Mr. Benedict, who conducted the performance, could not have taken more pains had the oratorio been his own, or had M. Gounod been his brother. Nevertheless, *Tobias* produced no sensible impression.

A line or two must suffice for what preceded the oratorio. About the symphony in D, an early composition, full of weak, though palpable imitations, of Mozart and Beethoven, and not otherwise noticeable, we spoke when it was produced by Herr Manns at the Crystal Palace. The "*Ave, verum corpus*" (for the choir) is devotional and beautiful from one end to the other. This and the "*O Salutaris Hostia*"—for tenor voice (Mr. Sims Reeves) and chorus, a composition of less pretension—were the crowning pieces of the evening. "*By Babylon's wave*," set to a paraphrase of the 137th Psalm, is an artificially connected series of patches; while "*Bethlehem*," a Christmas carol—the tune of which resembles a "*cantique de Noël*" of the 15th century—is a series of double-pedals, or "drone-basses," upon which three "*pifferari*" interludes are constructed, in three different keys, the first and second characteristically inoffensive, the last—where the double-pedal becomes a *fourth*, instead of a *fifth*—less acceptable to ears attuned to harmony. "*Bethlehem*" pleased, however, and was encored. We would rather have listened to the "*Ave, verum corpus*," or even the "*O Salutaris Hostia*," three times in succession; but tastes differ.

It is generally believed that the funds of University College Hospital will be substantially benefited by this concert, of which Mr. Benedict undertook the entire musical organization, confiding the necessary arrangements to Mr. Nimmo. There is some talk of a second public performance, with the same programme, on the strength of its own unaided attractions. We shall be glad to hear *Tobias* again, and modify or confirm, as occasion may serve, our first impressions. But the "*Ave, verum*" is a *sine qua non*.—*Times*, Feb. 19.

REID COMMEMORATION CONCERT.

(Abridged from the "*Edinburgh Courant*.")

The Reid Concert which took place last night (Tuesday week) in the Music Hall was invested with a more than ordinary interest, from its being the first given under the new occupancy of the Chair of the Theory of Music in the University. Various circumstances have hitherto unfortunately combined to prevent this annual commemoration from being what the founder doubtless meant it to be, the great concert of the season. The practice introduced shortly before the time of the late lamented Professor Donaldson of making all the tickets gratuitous and complimentary had strictly limited the available funds to the £300 provided by General Reid's bequest. In the meantime, Edinburgh's orchestra became a thing of the past, and the cost of bringing a body of instrumentalists from a distance latterly too often obliged the musical professor either to dispense with an orchestra altogether, or, if an orchestra formed part of the plan of the concert, to abstain from engaging solo talent of the highest class. For the last few years a strong wish has been springing up among the musical public that the funds at the professor's disposal should, as at the earlier Reid Concerts, be supplemented by selling at least a portion of the tickets at moderate prices; and in consideration of this general feeling, Mr. Oakeley very judiciously, as it appears to us, arrived at the resolution of issuing no more than six hundred free tickets, four hundred of these being given to the students, with whose supposed claims—resting on no

other footing than a usage of a considerable number of years' standing—he seems to have dealt with great tact and judgment. The audience was brilliant. There was as usual a large number of students in the gallery, and, on its appearing after the beginning of the Concert that there was a certain amount of spare room, an additional number who had no tickets were admitted by order of Professor Oakeley. The orchestra of fifty performers, from London, Edinburgh and Glasgow, comprised none but performers of reputation, selected by Signor Arditi and under his conduct; Mr. H. Biagrove being leader. There was also a chorus of forty voices, under Mr. Adam Hamilton. The solo singers were Mlle. Tietjens, Mlle. Sinico, Mlle. Zandrino, Signor Stagno and Signor Bossi; and the solo instrumentalist, Signor Piatti. The programme:—The introduction, pastorale, minuet and march of General Reid—indispensable commemorative feature—had appropriately the first place. The "*Garb of Old Gaul*"—during which the audience, according to practice, remained standing—was followed by a burst of applause. Then came the *Zauberflöte* overture, admirably played under the direction of Signor Arditi, as were also the overtures to *Emgont* and *Euryanthe*, and the E flat symphony of Mozart, the performance of which was such as only musicians who thoroughly appreciate what they are playing, and are under control of a conductor who enters into every delicate shade of expression, could give. The chorus was a successful feature of the concert. With the improvement of the last two years, and the more widespread interest in oratorio performances, it cannot be disguised that the condition of choral music in Edinburgh is still very far below the mark of other places. To the unwearied exertions of Professor Oakeley, seconded by Mr. Adam Hamilton, we were indebted for a chorus, which, though embodied but a few weeks since, sang with an intelligence and finish to which Edinburgh is a stranger. Three part-songs ("*Morgenlied*," "*Abenlied*" and "*Nachtlied*"), extremely melodious, and, at the same time, thoroughly scientific, gave a high impression of the musical culture of Professor Oakeley and his skill in contrapuntal writing. The English words sung are translated from the German of Eichendorf and Fallersleben, and the music is in each case admirably adapted to the sentiment. All three were warmly received, and the "*Nachtlied*" obtained an amount of applause that might well have been construed into a demand for repetition. They were accompanied by Mr. Oakeley on the organ.

Mlle. Tietjens received the greeting due to her position. Her great effort was in "*Ocean, thou mighty monster*," which she gave in truly magnificent style; to an unreasonable demand for its repetition, responding by a bow. Her other solo, a charming little canzonet, strongly imbued with the character of the national airs of south Italy, and charmingly sung, showed that Professor Oakeley's powers of composition are not confined to one style. It obtained a unanimous *encore*, the most enthusiastic of the evening, on which Mlle. Tietjens and the Professor reappeared and bowed their thanks. This, however, would not satisfy the audience, who insisted on its repetition. Mlle. Sinico obtained an *encore*, for an air from *La Traviata* and well deserved it, and the same compliment was paid to other pieces too numerous to speak of.

Signor Piatti played Bach's *Sarabande* and *Gavotte* quaintly and deliciously, and with a beauty of tone that delighted and astonished the audience; and his Scotch fantasia was given with an executive skill worthy the first living master of the violoncello. Of the numerous concerts at which we have been present on the Eve of St. Valentine, this was by far the best, and the arrangements connected with it reflect the highest credit on Professor Oakeley and all concerned. We trust it is but the first of a long series of Reid Concerts, which, in combination with the other influences, direct or indirect, of Mr. Oakeley's tenure of the Chair of Music, will in the course of time achieve the desirable result of raising Edinburgh musically to a position becoming the capital of Scotland.

BIELEFELD.—At their first Subscription Concert, the members of the Musical Union gave Gluck's *Orpheus*. Great interest was excited by the fact that Madlle. Cruvelli, younger sister of the celebrated Sophie Cruvelli, now Baroness Vigier, sang the part of *Orpheus*. The interpolated air: "*Amour, viens rendre à mon âme*," which does not exist in the original Paris score, but which was one of the grand features in Mad. Viardot-Garcia's performance, was sung by Madlle. Cruvelli in such a manner as to call forth thunders of applause. Her rendering too of the air: "*Ach, ich habe sie verloren*," so delighted the audience that they vociferously insisted upon its being repeated.

LEIPSIC.—Tuesday, the 13th inst., will be a day long remembered in the musical annals of this city. The opera performed was *L'Africaine*, and every single piece was received with an amount of applause quite unexampled here. Herr Schmidt, the conductor, and all the artists were called for at the conclusion. In a word, the audience were in raptures.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

EIGHTH SEASON.

The Director begs to announce that the remaining

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Will take place as follows, viz:—

Monday, February 26th.	Monday, April 30th.
Monday, March 5th.	Monday, May 14th.
Monday, March 12th.	Monday, May 28th.
Monday, March 19th.	Monday, June 11th.
Monday, March 26th.	Monday, July 2nd (extra concert for the benefit of the Director).
Monday, April 16th.	

Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays:—February 24th, March 3rd, 10th, 17th, and 24th.

NINTH (196th) CONCERT.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 24TH, 1866.

PART I.

QUARTET, in D minor, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HANN, and PIATTI *Mosart.*
SONG, "The Valley"—PATRY *Gounod.*
SONATA, in C, Op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein), for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONG, "The Bellringer." (By desire)—Mr. PATRY *Wallace.*
TRIO, in C minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Herr JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI *Beethoven.*

Conductor - - - - - Mr. BENEDICT.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

TENTH (197th) CONCERT.

(MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 26th.)

PART I.

DIVERTIMENTO, in E flat, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello. (By desire)—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUSS, and PIATTI *Mosart.*
SONG, "Versar nel mio cor"—Miss EDITH WYNNE *Gounod.*
SONATA, in E major, Op. 109, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD *Beethoven.*

PART II.

TRIO, in C minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Herr JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "Winter and Spring"—Miss EDITH WYNNE *Harold Thomas.*
QUARTET in F, No. 61, Op. 77, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUSS, L. RIES, JOACHIM, and PIATTI *Haydn.*

CONDUCTOR - - - - - Mr. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PAOTSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

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DEATH.

On the 10th inst., at his residence, Park Row, Nottingham, in the 69th year of his age, THOMAS WOOLEY, Esq. Friends will kindly accept of this intimation.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

THE *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* has an interesting communication in its last number, headed "Music in America in 1865," and dated "New York, Jan., 1866." As the article is written from a "German Stand point," our readers may probably be amused with a summary of its contents.

Nations are developed in the same fashion as man, and go through the different stages of youth, manhood, and failing strength just like simple individuals. This assertion is neither new nor especially clever, but it possesses fresh value every succeeding day for those who follow a nation's development with an observant and a searching eye. In this respect, America is the most interesting country in the world for a reflective and serious lover of art. While the development of musical life in Europe has reached a point that may, in many respects, be designated as no longer natural and right (?), music in America has scarcely got beyond the first years of childhood. In America there is still a wide and almost boundless field for artistic exertion and artistic life, and it is perfectly absurd to shrug our shoulders and look down with contempt on a country which was really not created and entered in the lists of nations until the end of the eighteenth century; which, since then, has taken up, in every respect, an honorable position, and in art itself has done more than even the most sanguine could have hoped. When, in a country of this kind, the development of which, so far from being concluded, is still at its very commencement, a man can remark a certain amount of progress at the end of every year, he must assuredly experience a feeling of satisfaction, nay, more, of delight, especially if, no matter how great or small his ability, he himself has contributed towards this progress.

Any one who, from this point of view, looks back upon the year 1865, will find that it shows, in every respect, a remarkable progress in the beautiful art of music. A greater degree of activity appears to reign in every branch of it. The Vocal Festival of 1865 brought about the regular, and, it is to be hoped, lasting organisation of the German Vocal Unions, which, under the management of the present committee, promises to be attended with highly beneficial results. The united Vocal Unions have already been enabled, by giving concerts, to contribute towards the German Hospital, which, though so long projected, has never yet become a reality. Our thanks for this help are due to Herr Steffen, the President of the Unions, and to Herr Geilfuss, the secretary, who has been most indefatigable in his exertions.

That the Vocal Festival was really a musical success is something we will not assert. Such Festivals are less adapted to mark the furtherance of art than to afford the members of the various Unions an opportunity for meeting in a social and brotherly manner. The members came to the Festival in a spirit of ardent zeal, and departed from it feeling excessively seedy, or with a well-

founded prospect of feeling so the next day. Notwithstanding this, it cannot be denied that the interests of music are also advanced, and that a certain spirit of unity and combination, which we like to see, is thus fostered. The German Vocal Unions (*Gesangvereine*) have not done much during the past year, as far as the general public are concerned, but, on the other hand, they have done all the more for their own improvement. The "Liederkrantz" and the "Arion," which undoubtedly stand at the head of the German Vocal Unions in America, did not give any public concerts last year, but they worked well and deserve our thanks, especially the "Liederkrantz," which not merely performed, at its usual place of meeting, such works as Schumann's "Requiem für Mignon," but got together an amateur orchestra, which even now can well bear comparison with an orchestra of professional musicians.

Herr Karl Bergmann has at present the sole management of the Philharmonic Society. No matter by what motives influenced, Herr Bergmann drew up a very interesting and well-constituted programme, and never, as long as we can remember, have the Society's concerts been so amusing and so attractive as this year. While due consideration was paid to the older compositions of the classical school, works not previously heard here were performed; among them were Liszt's *Mazeppa*, and Berlioz's "Episode from an Artist's life." The entire music, also, to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was played, while Beethoven and Schumann were represented by Symphonies.

The successful orchestral concerts given by Mr. Thomas were those which, without a doubt, offered the public the most admirable selection, including interesting works, especially of the modern school, played in splendid style. Among other compositions, we had Liszt's *Mazeppa* and "Pianoforte Concerto," as well as Beethoven's *Fantasia for Piano, Chorus, and Orchestra*, for the first time here. The programmes, too, of the concerts still to come contain some excellent things. Mr. Thomas is entitled to all the more praise for having given by his concerts a fresh impetus to musical matters, because the realisation of his plan was attended with great trouble and heavy sacrifices of time, money, and personal exertion. The terms at present paid orchestral performers is so high that, even under the most favourable circumstances, it is scarcely possible that there can be a fair surplus for the concert-giver.

The spring and autumn seasons of the Italian Opera were, on the other hand, exceedingly profitable, and Max Maretzek has certainly been well rewarded for what he has done. The audiences were larger than they ever had been before, and the performances, generally, faultless. The most successful operas were *Crispino e la Comadre* and *L'Africaine*. In the first, Signor Rovere, the bass, was particularly good, but, unfortunately, sudden death put an end to a brilliant career. *L'Africaine* was very well performed, and the way in which it was got up was all that could be expected, when we recollect that the Italian Opera here is not subsidised, but, on the contrary, has even to admit gratuitously 300 renters every evening.

The German Opera consists, at present, only of what was left from the previous year. Owing to some incomprehensible piece of bad management or remissness on the part of Mr. Grover, there was no company engaged at the proper time, and the season commenced at a late period, and in the West, with the singers already here. The company seem, however, to please the public, owing to the care with which they perform the operas, and to the way in which they play together.

The arrival of the brothers Formes caused the public to hope that the three would sing either in concerts or operas. But all these gentlemen's plans were frustrated by insuperable difficulties,

and it is not probable that they will appear before the autumn, for which period they intend to bring over a German operatic company.

The Concert Party brought from England by Mr. Bateman, and headed by Madame Parepa, was good. Rosa, the violinist, Danreuther, the pianist, and Levy, the cornet player, were members of it, Herr Anschütz being the conductor. Herr Danreuther, however, soon left, as his style of pianoforte playing was not adapted to America and a large public, but appeared more fitted for Chamber Music and smaller rooms.

The Concerts for Chamber Music given by Messrs. Thomas, Mason, Mosenthal, Matzka, and Bergner were well attended. They were, also, generally and deservedly applauded. The present season commenced about the middle of January; the programmes are less strict than they were before, and are drawn up for a larger audience.

English Opera vegetated in the West, without achieving aught artistically or pecuniarily. The limited stock of operas, the defective chorus and orchestra, and the want of good female singers, of necessity caused the enterprise to be really ephemeral. It is not probable that, for some little time, any very brilliant future is in store for English Opera.

Virtuoso-concerts have, as a rule, and very justly, fallen into as much discredit in America as in Europe. To such virtuosos as Liszt, Bülow, Joachim, Laub, Tausig, and others of similar gigantic talent, we cannot help listening with the greatest admiration, and their playing produces an effect which is both inspiring and instructive. But, during the last ten years, Mediocrity has felt rather too inclined to dispose of its wares, and, by means of false representations, firmly to fix itself in the confidence of a class of average individuals with not too much intelligence. This has been done unfortunately only too often and too successfully. The mischief resulting from concerts given by fourth or fifth class virtuosos, or even virtuosos of no class at all, was far greater in America than in Europe, because art is not so advanced there. We need only point to a man who is highly gifted, but who has consistently misapplied his powers, we mean Gottschalk, of whose mischievous influence we were repeatedly compelled to speak last year. Since Jenny Lind and Madame Sontag were here, speculators have brought over a number of travelling virtuosos, who, instead of elevating the public to the standard of art, have lowered art to the level of the public. This has been the case especially during the last few years; but the people always follow a correct instinct (?). They have done so here, and the diminution in virtuosos was very perceptible during the past year. Instead of them, we had only a small number of conscientious musicians, who had long since established their reputation as executants, and whose object is not merely to show off, but to do something for music, and to raise the public taste for art. The only foreign virtuosos were Wehle, the pianist; Katow, the violoncellist; and Prume, the violinist, of whom the first alone achieved anything like a success, for the others did nothing at all. Mr. Bateman's Concert Party was exceedingly and deservedly successful, thanks to the really great talent of Madame Parepa, who is, perhaps, the best *bravura* singer known in America for the last ten years. Mr. Levy, the horn-player, would have produced no impression as a virtuoso, had he not been associated with the other artists, and had not his exhibitions been considered as curiosities, and unusual feats calculated to introduce the element of change into the programme.

Herr Prume, whose powers as a performer are immeasurably higher than his talent for composition, would act very wisely were he to apply for an engagement in the orchestra of one of the great theatres of Europe, instead of trying to make his fortune in America.

As a matter of course, we shall be excused for not saying anything about the musical pirates of Irish extraction, or those English-ballad-miscreants whose strains would wake the dead. These wretches merit partly our pity and partly our contempt; they are the locusts of music.

We said above that music, in so far as related to or mixed up with virtuosity, was cultivated most satisfactorily by native or naturalised musicians. We may now go more into detail and state that this is especially the case with pianoforte music, which is admirably represented by—among others—Mills, Mason, Wolfsohn and Goldbeck. The public were enabled to hear Liszt's Pianoforte Concerto; Beethoven's Fantasia for Piano, Orchestra, and Chorus; Chopin's Concertos, and other similar works. But of all musicians Mills is the one who has soared, in a surprising, nay, an incomprehensibly grand manner, to the highest regions of art, and whose playing has undoubtedly rendered him the first pianist in America. During the past year, he has, also, been distinguished for his amiable and genuinely artistic readiness to assist, whenever called upon, his colleagues in art.

If we now turn to those musicians who have devoted themselves to teaching, we see here, also, pleasing and considerable progress. The pay of the music-master is no longer looked upon as a kind of alms; his place is that of one of the most important members of the artistic confraternity, of one of the principal architects employed on the erection of the temple of American art. The teacher is in America a gentleman, standing upon a perfect equality with the persons whom he instructs. If we look at the great percentage of young American women who play the piano, and sing, very agreeably, we are astounded at the results obtained in this branch of art when compared to what is effected in Europe (?). The terms given, too, are considerably higher than in Europe, and vary from 100 to 30 dollars for twenty lessons. Hardly any teacher of talent and position will take less than this. Some masters, who got their pupils to play the piano and sing, in private circles, before persons especially invited, were highly praised both on account of the taste with which the pieces had been selected, and the manner in which they were performed. Good masters are now as plentiful as they were formerly scarce in New York. The German music-masters especially have done wonders.

We need hardly mention the colossal extension given to the piano-forte trade in America. When we state that the firm of Steinway and Sons sold in the month of November alone above 200 of the dearest pianos, 28 being grands, and paid in duty alone almost 7000 dollars, we have probably said sufficient for the reader to form some idea of what the whole trade must sell. Indeed, firms like Decker Brothers; Steck and Co.; Albert Weber; Knabe and Co.; Marshall and Mittauer; Kraushaar and Co., and several others had an uninterrupted succession of more orders than they could execute.

If we now glance at the state of musical matters in the country, we shall find it very satisfactory at Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Baltimore, and perhaps Cincinnati. In these towns there are, besides Vocal Unions, permanent orchestras, and some few talented musicians who take the lead in everything, and, last year as well as during former years, did all they could to advance their art. In Boston, there were Kreismann, Dressel, Zerrahn, and Leonard; in Philadelphia, Wolfsohn; in St. Louis, Sobolewski; and in Chicago, Balatka. These gentlemen sometimes gave Symphony Concerts, though it is true not always with quite model programmes; sometimes got up concerts on their own account; and sometimes had oratorios performed.

But the greatest triumph of all consists in the fact that the art did not suffer from the war; that Apollo struck his lyre loudly and clearly, while Mars was desolating the country and separating the

singers from each other; and that now, after the God of War has been reduced to silence, the God of Songs sings on again undisturbed.

We close, therefore, our short retrospect with a feeling that the year 1865 was not lost to America; that here, as elsewhere, it was Germans who formed the leaven of so prosperous a state of things; and we only wish that, at its conclusion, we may be able to say as much of the year 1866.

BRIEF BRIEFS. XVII.

SIR,—Under the title of *A Poetical Relic of Mendelssohn*, the last number of the *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes* contains an interesting article on Felix Mendelssohn's poetical efforts. These efforts were, as far as I know, restricted, it is true, to translations of Italian sonnets, but they exhibit no slight indication of poetical talent and elegant style. In the year 1840, Mendelssohn translated the celebrated sonnets addressed by Boccaccio to the spirit of Dante. He was incited to undertake the task by his uncle, Joseph Mendelssohn, the eldest son of Moses Mendelssohn, and who, in the evening of his life, employed himself in the study of old Italian literature. The sonnets in question belonged to the most obscure, the most unintelligible, relics of that period of Italian poetry. Boccaccio himself says, in his *Genealogy of the Gods*, that the mission of a poet is not to bring to light what is hidden, but to present it skilfully to the eye of the initiated, and conceal it all the time from that of the ignorant. When a poet announces such a maxim as this, it is not astonishing that now, after the lapse of six hundred years, his works should be partly incomprehensible. The task Mendelssohn set himself was, therefore, a doubly difficult one, and the fact of his executing it in so masterly a manner redounds all the more to his credit. From a letter he wrote on the subject I extract the following:—

"I made an attempt once before to translate the said sonnets, but found them such a tough job* that I could not finish even the first one. A prose translation was, of course, out of the question, because you could have made one, ten times better than I could, in half an hour. I felt, consequently, quite reluctant to take to the papers again, till during the last few weeks, when I had such an awful deal of playing in public, conducting, and rehearsing, that I could not, and would not, play anything at home, I returned to the task, and resolved to learn how to make a sonnet, however difficult it might be to do so. I have now ended by finding out that it is no witchcraft after all, and that in this, as in other things, the real difficulty lies not in *doing anything*, which may be learned in due time, but in *doing anything well*, a feat that is not to be learnt by practice. There were some difficult passages about which I consulted Keil, who helped me over some, as you will perceive by the accompanying note (which I forward you in the original, as you take an interest in him), though in other places I have differed with him totally, and I think rightly." (Here follows an explanation as to how Mendelssohn's poetry differs from Kiel's prose). "Not knowing the real import of any one of the poems, I have translated as literally as I possibly could. If you discover any very bad blunders, that disturb the sense, I should like to alter the things or try my hand at them again. FELIX."

This brief is not so short as I promised, but its length is warranted by the interest of its subject. All that concerns Mendelssohn must possess an interest alike for musicians and amateurs of music.

T. DUFF SHORT.

Short Common, Feb. 21.

MR. SANTLEY is expected in London on Wednesday. He has thrown up his engagement at the Scala, Milan. No wonder. Such a hotbed of humbug and intrigue was not the place for one who has justly earned the name of the greatest barytone now in Europe.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Gye is expected to open his campaign on the third of April. He has engaged several new singers.

MR. CHARLES ADAMS has arrived in London from Madrid, where he was specially engaged for Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*. Mr. Adams sang the part of Vasco de Gamma fifteen nights and also that of Chalais in Donizetti's *Maria de Rohan*.

* "Aber eine solche Menge Haare darin gefunden."

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The past week has been all but a blank in regard to news. No novelty at any of the theatres, but plenty talked about. Most novel of all news is the announcement that M. Ambroise Thomas's long-talked-of opera, *Hamlet*, is to be produced at the Grand Opéra. The friends of the composer of *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Eté* are all agog, and anticipate music worthy to be mated with the poetry of Shakespeare; "for," say they, "has not Ambroise Thomas taken many years in completing his partition, and is he not a member of the Institute?" Then they ask themselves, "Has not Rossini written *Otello*—one of Shakespeare's most famous plays?—and look at the success that opera has had." The argument ends here—as it should do—and complacency takes the place of proof. *Hamlet* transformed into an opera, with music by M. Ambroise Thomas, will certainly be one of the curiosities of the present century, and I promise myself an extraordinary treat in attending the first performance. But this is not all in the matter of M. Thomas. He is completing an opera, called *Mignon*, for the Opéra-Comique, so that he is likely to become on a sudden doubly great, and to make ample amends for the years he has spent in idleness, or the years he has spent in neglect and utter indifference.

I have a notion that the frequent performances of the *Africaine* are beginning to find out the strength of Mlle. Saxe. On Wednesday last (this day week)—*le jour des Cendres*—Meyerbeer's opera was performed for the first time for some days, and was announced for repetition on Friday, when Mlle. Saxe was unable to sing from indisposition, and *Le Dieu et la Bayadère* was substituted. Selika in the *Africaine* is one of the most punishing parts ever written in opera, and no wonder Mlle. Saxe should begin to feel its effects after some hundred and thirty representations.

A new phenomenon has burst upon the Parisian public and for the moment absorbs all curiosity and interest connected with musical matters. A female tenor is indeed a *rara avis*. Secondly, it is an impossibility. Mlle. Mela comes from Milan, is eighteen or nineteen years of age, and is the daughter of a composer not unfavorably known in the Italian northern capital. She has astonished her own natives at Milan, and is now about to do the same for the natives at Paris. I am told that her voice is a pure tenor and that she can imitate Mario marvellously well. I remember the same thing being said of Mrs. Howard Paul, when first, disregarding her sex and entirely ignorant of her vocal capabilities and mimetic powers, she began caricaturing Sims Reeves. I trust Mlle. Mela has talent of a very different kind. I hear that the phenomenon is about to appear at the Italians in one of Mario's parts. That will settle the question at once.

I believe they are going to produce the *Puritani* at the Italiens—Elvira, Mlle. Patti; I believe they are going to revive the *Gazza Ladra*—Ninetta, Mlle. Patti; I believe they are going to bring out *Otello*—Desdemona, Madame Penco (it should be Mlle. Patti); and, to conclude, amid all their about-to-dos, the new opera of M. le Duc de Massa, with Madame Penco, Signors Fraschini, Delle-Sedie and Selva, is in active rehearsal. "They," of course, means M. Bagier.

The first of the third series of Popular Concerts of Classical Music came off on Sunday last, at the Cirque Napoléon. Programme as follows:—Symphony in F, No. 8—Beethoven; Fragments from Symphony *L'Océan*—Ant. Rubinstein; Symphony in G minor—Mozart; Canzonetta from the quartet for stringed instruments (Op. 12)—Mendelssohn; Overture to *Eury-anthe*—Weber.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

Paris, Feb. 21.

MEYERBEER'S AFRICAINE.—The popularity of this work increases beyond all that was anticipated of it. It is computed that at this moment the *Africaine* is being played at more than fifty theatres in Europe. The latest information shows that it is about to be produced at Marseilles, Bourdeaux, Nîmes, Amsterdam, Turin, Vienna, Trieste, &c., and that it is being newly played at Weimar, Leipzig, and Parma. Perhaps the history of the art can point to nothing like the immediate and universal popularity of the *Africaine*.

MR. BALFE'S NEW OPERA.—The subject of Mr. Balfé's new opera is, we understand, taken from Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Talisman."

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" (*Lobgesang*) and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* would each form sufficient attraction in itself for the lovers of good music; and when presented in combination it may well be imagined that Exeter Hall was none too large to hold the concourse of people willing to undergo the discomforts to which the *habitués* of that depressing and inconvenient structure have by this time become tolerably (or intolerably) accustomed. It is a great pity—with the really magnificent voices Mr. G. W. Martin has at his command—that fuller and more efficient rehearsals are not insisted upon; the choir would then do much greater credit to themselves and to their conductor, and the but too apparent shortcomings which marked their last performance might be avoided. Not to multiply instances, the second chorus of the *Lobgesang*, "Praise thou the Lord, oh my spirit" (which formed an accompaniment to the soprano solo), was in the commencement little short of an absolute *fiasco*; while upon more than one subsequent occasion, although the freshness of the vigorous unworn voice-told with wonderful effect, it did not compensate for the incorn rectness so manifestly resulting from want of sufficient practice. As the chorus is composed entirely of amateurs (at least so I am given to understand), there is naturally a want of decision in taking up the parts with that promptitude and firmness which are so essential to a perfect performance; and I am inclined to think that by the judicious infusion of a few well-trained and thoroughly experienced professional singers in each department of the choir a great improvement might be effected in the amateur element. A more thoroughly competent exponent of oratorio music than Mad. Parepa it would be difficult to name; and it is gratifying to find this lady once more among us, after her American success, with her voice in magnificent condition, and, if there be any change, rather improved in brightness and volume. Her greatest triumph of the evening was in the "Inflammatus" of Rossini, which was sung in a manner that literally left nothing to be desired, and well deserved the hearty and enthusiastic applause which followed. Nor must a word of commendation be omitted for Miss Lucy Franklein, who honourably distinguished herself, despite a nervousness which time and practice will alone enable her to overcome. I am told that Mr. Leigh Wilson was suffering from indisposition, which would probably account for the small effect produced by the "Watchman" song (rendered so famous by Mr. Sims Reeves) in the *Lobgesang*. True, Mr. Wilson was encored in the tenor air, "Cujus Animam;" but with perhaps more zeal than judgment, as his voice was at times nearly inaudible, and the effort in again singing the air seemed almost too much for him. The duet, "Quis est homo," by Madame Parepa and Miss Franklein, was also re-demanded and re-sung; while Mr. Weiss fairly won the plaudits that greeted his "Pro peccatis," and sung like the practised artist that he is throughout. DRINKWATER HARD.

WATERFORD.—The Harmonic Society gave its first reunion in the Council Chamber of the Town Hall, to a large and fashionable audience. As this is strictly a private society we do not consider we should be justified in criticising either the performances or performing members; we therefore content ourselves with congratulating them on their successful *debut*, and most sincerely wishing them a prosperous career. We cannot understand why Waterford should not support such a society. We are aware there is as ample musical taste and talent among its inhabitants as any other city or town in Ireland can boast of, and if political and religious differences were only laid aside, we are confident the working staff of this society would assume giant proportions, and become second to none out of our metropolis.—*Waterford Mirror*.

MADRID.—(Extract from a letter.)—"You may like to know something about the Italian Opera here. Little Laura Harris has made an unmistakable hit, and has already become a great favorite with the public. Her first success was in the *Sonnambula*—her last in *Linda di Chamouni*. I was present the first night of *Linda* and the audience were quite beside themselves in their delight. They recalled the *Senorita* nine times in the course of the performance, and at the end there was a regular floral ovation. I hear the management is so satisfied with Miss Laura's success that she has been engaged for a second series of representations up to the end of April, when she will be due at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Charles Adams, the popular tenor, having concluded a very successful engagement at the Opera, has left Madrid for London, where he is awaited for the opening of the English Opera at Drury Lane.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

The doors of Covent Garden Theatre were prematurely closed on Saturday evening. The following explanation appeared in the Sunday and Monday papers:—

Owing to unforeseen circumstances in the financial arrangements of the Opera Company, the chairman intimated to the artists, &c., that he was not prepared to pay their salaries on that day (Saturday). A general meeting was called in the crush room at three p.m., at which the chairman was requested to attend. The chairman stated that he was prepared to accede to any proposition on the part of the company for the carrying on of the business of the theatre, or closing it. He had no doubt of being able to put all matters straight within a week or fourteen days. Meanwhile, were the company disposed to give him credit for this belief? He reminded them that on no single occasion during their connection had his prophecies or professions remained unfulfilled. He suggested that, as the money for paying the artists, &c., really came out of his own and friends' pockets, he had no interest in keeping the theatre open; but, as matter of good faith and consideration for them, he and his friends were willing to continue the burden; but it was impossible to provide the entire means of payment that day. A large sum of money was owing to the Opera Company by Mr. Gye, of which they had not received one farthing; the amount far exceeded the requirements of that day.—After much discussion, and several projects being submitted and abandoned, it was proposed by Mr. Alfred Mellon (on Miss Louisa Pyne's behalf), and seconded by him on his own, that the theatre be closed; and the chairman of the Opera Company accepted this decision as final, and desired Mr. Edward Murray (the acting-manager), to affix a notice to that effect on the doors of the theatre. Mr. Augustus Harris, Mr. Sloman, and Mr. Brunton attended the meeting on behalf of Mr. Gye, and stated the impossibility of opening the theatre if the subordinates of the two latter departments were not paid before the opening of the doors. Payment was guaranteed to these departments by the chairman to be made before eight p.m., but declined.

Whereupon ensued the following correspondence in the *Times* and other daily journals, which we give in chronological order:—

THE ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

SIR,—Permit me to correct a statement that appears in your paper to-day. I did not attend the meeting of the artists of the English Opera Company on Saturday last on behalf of Mr. Gye, but at the express invitation of Mr. Oakeley (the chairman of the Opera Company, Limited), which had been conveyed to me by Mr. Edward Murray (acting manager), the reason for such invitation being that although in no way connected this season with the Opera Company, out of respect for the credit of Covent-garden Theatre, where I have passed nearly twenty years of my life, I had of late used what influence I might have with the different departments and the artists, to enable Mr. Oakeley to carry on the season. Mr. Sloman and Mr. Brunton are not in the employ of Mr. Gye during the English Opera season, and therefore could not have attended the meeting on his behalf.—I am, Sir, truly yours,
A. HARRIS.

Feb. 19.

SIR,—I have read with some surprise a letter addressed to you by Mr. Augustus Harris, in which my name is introduced; I do not understand why, nor what is the point he proposes to establish. As a matter of fact, I called no meeting of the company, but was myself summoned to attend one called by themselves; there I found Mr. Harris. I certainly doubted Mr. Harris's statement (on which the whole meeting turned), that the workmen would sacrifice a whole week's wages for 90 minutes' delay. This doubt will probably be shared in by others. I believe I heard Mr. Harris say that he was in telegraphic communication with Mr. Gye, and if I had been asked my opinion I should have said that in setting forth the statement above referred to he was acting under instructions from Mr. Gye. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I cast no imputation on anyone.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
R. BANNER OAKELEY.

Feb. 20.

SIR,—In an article that appeared in your paper of yesterday, it states that it was at my proposition, seconded by Mr. Mellon, that the English Opera season at Covent Garden Theatre was brought to a sudden close. Such a proposition did emanate from me, but not till every effort had been made by the company, Mr. Mellon and myself, to continue the season. The case was hopeless, else, be assured, the company would have shrunk at no sacrifice in order to see the English Opera at Covent Garden open at the present moment.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,
LOUISA PYNE.

3, York Place, Portman Square, Feb. 20.

SIR,—We, the undersigned workmen of Covent-garden Theatre, have read with great regret a statement in the daily papers which is

calculated to mislead the public and the profession at large, if not contradicted. It is there stated that the chairman of the Opera Company (limited), at a meeting called on Saturday in the crush-room of the theatre, said it was impossible to open the theatre if the subordinates of Mr. Sloman's and Mr. Brunton's departments refused to do the work unless they were paid before the doors were opened; that he promised the payment of the money by 8 o'clock, and this was refused. We positively deny that such an offer was made. He distinctly said, "He had no funds whatever." This statement was later in the evening corroborated by the treasurer, who stated there was little probability of there being any money for a week, or perhaps a fortnight. We were reminded by the chairman at the same time (according to the statement in the papers) that on no single occasion during his connexion with us had his promises or professions remained unverified. This we also distinctly deny, for we had been deceived on several occasions, and, but for the exertions of the heads of all departments, the theatre would have been closed a fortnight sooner than it has been. We therefore deem it necessary to make a denial to exonerate us from the blame unjustly thrown upon us—the subordinates of Mr. Brunton's department of the Royal English Opera Company (limited).

[Signed by 38 subordinates.]

SIR,—I read with extreme pain a letter in your issue of to-day signed by 38 subordinates in the property (Mr. Brunton's) department. I did guarantee to Mr. Brunton that his men should be paid before 8 o'clock, but he said at once that not one of his men would work unless paid before the doors were opened. I said the same to, and received the same reply from, Mr. Sloman. I call upon Mr. Sloman and Mr. Brunton to say whether this is true or not. There were at least 100 people present in whose hearing this was said. I did all I possibly could to convince the meeting that the men would agree to accept payment at 8 o'clock, and I offered to see them myself personally. On one occasion only that I remember were the property men unpaid on the proper day, and on that occasion I passed my word to them that they should be paid either during the performance or on the following day (I forget which); but, whichever it was, the pledge was kept. I have very great pleasure in endorsing the letter of Miss Louisa Pyne, which you also published to-day. I believe all the artists would have agreed to carry on the theatre till I could make my arrangements, but in the face of the positive refusal of the workpeople to move such a sacrifice was useless. Miss Louisa Pyne's proposition came after Mr. Harris, Mr. Sloman, and Mr. Brunton had positively stated that the workpeople would not wait till 8 o'clock for their wages.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. BANNER OAKELEY,

Junior Carlton Club, Feb. 21.

Chairman of the Opera Company (Limited).

SIR,—I have just read in your paper of Monday last an article respecting the sudden closing of the English Opera at Covent-garden Theatre. The statement that the closing was in any way attributable to the state of accounts between the company and their lessor is erroneous. The Opera Company (limited) are simply my tenants. They are in my debt about £500, but as they will at the end of their season have a claim on me for about £300, I have not pressed them for the balance. I did not hear of the meeting of Saturday until Monday last by telegraph, and had, of course, no representative present. Should this letter, which I shall telegraph, arrive in time, I beg the favour of its insertion in your paper of to-morrow.—Your obedient servant,

Berlin, Feb. 21.

FREDERICK GYE.

THE ARUNDEL CLUB.—Yesterday week the eighth anniversary of this club was duly observed in the usual way. Mr. F. Lawrence, the well-known barrister, occupied the chair; Mr. J. V. Bridgeman being the vice-chairman. In the course of the evening there was some very excellent glee and choral singing by Messrs. Fielding, Shoulbridge, Montem Smith, Ransford, and Gadsby, who volunteered their services in the kindest possible manner. Mr. Edward Murray and Mr. H. Howe, also, sang some vocal solos, and Mr. Wallerstein played, in a masterly manner, a fantasia on "Fra poco."—During the week just past, there has been a very interesting art exhibition at the Club-house, admission being limited to members and their friends. The collection included works by Dante Rossetti, Millais, Sandys, Whistler, and other modern artists of repute. It was likewise rich in works by the older masters, and in valuable specimens of bronze, carving, lacquer ware, china, glass, ivory, &c.

PETERS' PILLAR POST.

Dr. Breen has dropped in the Pillar Post a letter which, though full of stuff, is too long for insertion. One part of it, however, is just at this moment more or less *à propos*. Dr. Breen is in ecstasies with the Director of the Musical Union, who, notwithstanding the widely-circulated fact that he has made arrangements with his lawyer to "leave £1000 to the nation," has forwarded five guineas to an "enterprising publisher" for showing up a system which, according to Coleridge (Q.C.), if not to Cocker, is "generally known to prevail." Dr. Breen adds that "the Director of the Musical Union has made a position and a fortune by pursuing a wholly different course"—by which Dr. Breen intends to convey that the Potentate, whose death will so greatly benefit "the nation," never for his own advantage accepted the gratuitous services of singers and players. Dr. Breen further posts up his determination himself to transmit half-a-crown to the "enterprising publisher," and also at his (Dr. Breen's) death, to bequeath double that sum "to the nation."

Dr. Breen's logic is not clear. Nevertheless, it becomes the duty of the guardian of Peters' Pillar Post to rake among old papers. Raking among old papers, he rakes out a number of the *Athenæum*—Saturday, Jan. 4, 1845—which contains, under the title of "Music for Gentle and Simple," a very long protest in general against the system showed up by the "enterprising publisher." The tail of this protest is devoted to an examination of the prospectus announcing the speedy advent of the Musical Union, directed by John Ella, Esq., late of the "Réunions Musicales," which till then had diverted the "Upper Ten" at the expense of singers and players, foreign and native, who gave their services for the *beaux yeux* of Mr. Ella and the *sourires affables* of his aristocratic friends. The tail is appended:—

"The necessity for offering remarks like the above has been long present to us; that they are not mistimed, we think, is warranted by the prospectus now in circulation, and advertised in the daily papers, of 'A Musical Union,' to be held under the direction of Mr. Ella, at that gentleman's residence, under the presidency of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, the patronage of the Earl of Westmoreland, the Earl of Falmouth, Viscount Templeton, Viscount Adare, Lord Saltoun, Sir George Clerk, Sir Andrew Barnard, Sir John Campbell, and a distinguished committee, the object of which is to give *matinées* of the choicest instrumental chamber music, once a fortnight, from February to August—or, to count by the almanac, thirteen concerts—"one guinea being paid on receiving the card of membership."

"The 'Musical Union,' the public are informed, 'will be conducted in the same spirit—with every improvement of which the idea is susceptible—as the *Réunions Musicales* of Mr. Ella last season, when the following artists honoured him with their company:—Messrs. Mendelssohn, Costa, Moscheles, Döhler, Benedict, Thalberg, Ernst, Sivori, Piatti, Sainton, Joachim, Hausmann, Meyer, Offenbach, Salaman, Kjalmark, Puzzi, Mühlentfeldt, Rousselot, Barret, Ormsby, Lazarus, Guynemer, Thomas, Hill, Dragonetti, Goffrie, Schultz, Tolbeque, F. Cramer, Bosen, Lucas, Hancock, Macfarren, Hatton, Goodban, Howell, Ribas, and J. B. Cramer." The *réunions* referred to were private parties, at which all the above artists (save, perhaps, Signors Costa and Lablache) performed—and gratuitously. Are we, then, to understand that now, when the undertaking has assumed a professional form, the same artists will perform professionally? Let us look into the matter more closely. We will assume that the director makes to the 'Musical Union' a free gift of his time, services and rooms (the latter alone involving a present worth some fifty guineas), without thought of remuneration past, present, or to come. Still the mere current expenses of the undertaking (including the publication of a "record," which is to commemorate the proceedings of the society) can hardly be less than four or five guineas a concert. We will assume the Union to number two hundred members, the largest number which can be accommodated in a private room—thus only eleven guineas a concert are left for the chamber musicians! How are we to reconcile this with paying, at their scale of remuneration, the professors named on the above list? Why, any single one of the first five pianists here named (not to begin with the Ernsts and Sivori's) would of his sole self more than absorb the whole disposable sum: so that if two artists were wanted in concerts, the Musical Union would speedily become the Musical Ruin. But instrumental chamber music demands three, four, five, up to nine executants:—not all, indeed, equally high in the scale of remuneration. If, therefore, the Thalbergs and the Ernsts are to be heard, it must be gratuitously, or on abated terms; and the question naturally arises, how the great names of President, Vice-

President and Committee are brought to bear on the *negociation* itoin ite being recollected that these are no benefit meetings at which one artist borrows of another the help he is willing to return—but exhibitions of the choicest master-works, demanding the most elaborate training and the most careful rehearsal, for the delectation or the instruction of some of the highest personages in the kingdom.

"Allied to the principle which we have here denounced, is the call, too often peremptory, made on artists for charitable purposes! There is something ungraceful, at best, in the rich carrying the begging-box, and soliciting aid from those who are comparatively poor; in the strait-land asking favors from a class they are accustomed to deery; but it should be held disgraceful whenever it is not warranted by a contribution more than proportioned to the fruits of the musicians time thus demanded from him. The plea, or bait, of such charitable deeds serving as an advertisement is too unworthy to be advanced or listened to. Few persons, from time immemorial, have been more open-handed and open-hearted than the artist. We would strengthen this disposition; but it should be done by protecting his free will; by placing him in that equality among his fellows to which an honourable remuneration for his labors, from those able to remunerate, is essential."

Now the guardian of the Pillar Post cannot detect the difference between the system pursued by Mr. Ella in the conduct of his *Réunions Musicales*, by and at that time of his Musical Union, and the system shown up, the "enterprising publisher," who has been rewarded with £5 by Mr. Ella, and who is about to be rewarded with half-a-crown by Dr. Breen. More especially as Mr. Ella himself was a reporter for the press, if his perpetual reminders in the "Record" of how he frightened Mendelssohn into using the "bâton," at the Philharmonic Concerts, under a threat that, if Mendelssohn did not, he would "hear from X.Y.Z. in the Post," be worth credit. Had Mr. Desmond Ryan been able to establish his concerts, no doubt he also would have paid at least "thirty-six guineas" for three performances to a player like the late Ernst—just as Mr. Ella tells the "enterprising publisher" he (Ella) did on a certain occasion.

Ps. Pr. Post—Feb. 23.

J. P.

MYDDELTON HALL.—The Islington Vocal Union gave a concert on Tuesday evening, under the direction of Mr. James Robinson, consisting of a miscellaneous selection. The opening piece was Mozart's "Ave Verum," followed by compositions sung by the choir, viz. Part songs by Mendelssohn, glees by Sir Henry Bishop, a quartet of Wallace's from *Lurline*, and some madrigals, concluding the first part with Mendelssohn's Psalm 2nd, for an eight-part choir, No. 1, Op. 78, from his Posthumous Works, No. 6, all of which went as steadily as could be expected, and all were well received by the audience, occasionally, indeed, with enthusiasm. The second part opened with Bishop's "Trump Chorus," followed by several madrigals and part songs, many of which were encored. Besides the choral music, the concert was interspersed with solos by Miss Fanny Henning, Miss Rycroft, Miss Maguire, and Miss Grace Barrow. Mr. Frankland did well in choosing Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where art thou?" in which he received very great applause, as also did Miss M. Tresilian and Mr. Symonds in Balfe's duet, "The sailor sighs." A Mr. Crome, in a song called "The Lugger," displayed his voice to advantage, but his voice was worthy of a better composition. Messrs. Jacobs and Suppus, with Messrs. B. and E. Woolhouse, performed a quartet of Haydn's for string instruments. The hall was crowded, and Mr. James Robinson conducted the whole with much skill. BASHI BAZOOK.

SHEFFIELD.—(From a Correspondent.)—The third and last subscription concert of the Choral Union took place in the Alexandra Hall on Wednesday evening. The solo vocalists were Miss Banks, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. George Perren. The concert went off to the entire satisfaction of the audience, who encored several pieces, among which were "Margaretta" and "The silver moon," sung by Mr. George Perren; "When time has bereft thee" and "The village blacksmith," sung by Mr. Lewis Thomas; "Le m'abandonni," sung by Madame Laura Baxter; and Mr. George Perren's new song, "When the cuckoo comes again," sung by Miss Banks. Mons. Lavigne's solos on the oboe pleased greatly; and the choir were warmly applauded in many of their pieces, which included Bishop's "The chough and crow," and the glee, "Now is the month of Maying," as well as Handel's "Haste ye, nymph," the solo part being sung by Mr. Thomas. Mr. R. J. Burton was the conductor.

THE condition of affairs at Covent Garden will in no way interfere with the contemplated arrangements of the Opera Company at Drury Lane.

* About 1s. 7½d. a concert.

MUSIC AT DRESDEN.

SIR,—Meyerbeer's *Prophète* has now been given one hundred times at the Royal Opera-house here. Mad. Krebs-Michalesi has sung the part of Fides 96 times; and Tichatschek, that of John of Leyden, 84 times (besides 40 times in other towns). He sang it at the first production of the opera in Berlin, 30th April, 1850, Mad. Viardot-Garcia being the Fides. Both artists repeated their parts 17 times.—A grand commemorative performance was got up at the Royal Opera-house, on the 30th ult., in honour of Meyerbeer. It was suggested by the hundredth representation of *Le Prophète*, to which allusion has already been made. Dr. Pabst wrote for the occasion a prelude entitled, *Die Trauer und Der Nachruhm* (Grief and Posthumous Fame). In it, sorrow for the great master's death is combined with a grateful remembrance of his glorious career, the whole being conveyed in well-written, feeling verse, aided by some good scenery and scenic effects. Grief, standing near the statue of Meyerbeer in a grove of oaks, laments that the Great and the Beautiful do not last upon earth, and that the mighty Master was snatched away just before another victory of his art. She says she has greater cause to mourn his loss, because he always produced so profound and permanent an impression every time he visited Dresden, a city which he loved and which was artistically so nearly related to him. She veils his statue amid sorrowful strains from *Struensee*. Music is now heard behind the scenes, and, at the back of the stage, the youthful "God of Posthumous Fame" appears in his temple. He interrupts the lamentation of Grief by informing her that: "The Master lives on in his works, and his name" (which is suddenly visible in a transparency borne by angels) "is treasured in the temple of Posthumous Fame." Amid characteristic strains from the three dramas by which Meyerbeer rendered himself most popular in Dresden, the words: "Robert"; "The Huguenots"; "The Prophet," are exhibited Meyerbeer's own name. Grief desists from her lament, and, like the God of Posthumous Fame advancing with his attendant spirits from his temple, removes the dark covering from the statue. Suddenly the stage, previously buried in deep gloom, is flooded with joyous light, and the God crowns the Composer's bust with laurels. Some of the members of Meyerbeer's family were present at the performance.—At the fifth Subscription Concert of the Royal Capelle, the novelty of the evening was J. J. Abert's Symphony, *Columbus*. It was excellently played and well received. Besides this, the programme contained Méhul's *Ouverture de Chasse*; Beethoven's grand "Leonore Overture," and one of J. Haydn's comparatively unknown Symphonies (in B flat major). The services of Mdle. Santer, of Berlin, have been secured for the Royal Operahouse, as Madame Bürde-Ney will leave the stage after giving a round of ten last performances. Mdle. Santer, who is engaged to Herr Alfred Blume, a singing-master and composer of this town, is to receive five thousand thalers a year.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first performance this season of *Elijah* was given last night, as per announcement, with Madame Parepa, Miss Robertine Henderson, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Miss Julia Derby, Messrs. Chaplin Henry, W. Weiss, and Sims Reeves, as principal singers.

M. RICHAUT.—The death, at an advanced age, of M. Richaut, *peré*, the well-known music-publisher of Paris, is announced. He was respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

HULL.—The second and last of Mrs. John Macfarren's Evenings at the Pianoforte, under the auspices of the Royal Institution, took place on Wednesday, Feb 14th, and afforded another rich treat to the lovers of good music. The accomplished pianist executed sonatas of Mozart and Beethoven, fantasias of Schumann and Brissac; Weber's fascinating "Invitation à la valse;" a charming selection from the "Frinderscenen" and the "Tru Walde" of Schumann, &c., &c. The whole of these brilliant performances were cordially, nay enthusiastically, received, and at the end of the first part of the entertainment the applause was so general and so prolonged that Mrs. John Macfarren was compelled to repeat Brissac's animated fantasia and popular Scotch airs. Miss Robertine Henderson, one of the most finished vocalists who has visited Hull for some time, gave an agreeable variety to the programme, by her admirable singing of an aria from *Rigoletto*, a ballad from "The Soldier's Legacy," a *lied* of Mendelssohn, and a quaint old English ditty arranged by Mr. G. A. Macfarren—the two last encored.

VIENNA.—Madlle. von Murska has been lately singing some Hungarian airs with the greatest success.—Mad. Clara Schumann is giving a series of concerts.—The rehearsals of *L'Africaine* have been held with such regularity and zeal that the last and grand rehearsal might take place any day. But the management have to wait for the return of the Emperor and Empress from Pesth, before producing the opera.

MADAME TREBELLI, has appeared as Arsace, in *Semiramide*, with great success at Warsaw.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE.—The successful bagatelle, *Love's Limit*, has been succeeded by a more pretentious work from the pen of the same composer, entitled *Sylvia, or the Forest Flower*. The new opera contains some really excellent numbers, especially the finale to the first act and a duet for the baritone and soprano; the scoring throughout is effective and musicianly. The story, by Mr. Elliott Galer, though not particularly new or original, is well adapted to its requirements, viz., a frame on which to pin the orthodox number of ballads, duets, and concerted pieces which composers (or musicsellers?) appear to consider the ultima thule of the lyric drama. The characters represented are Sir Walter Seaton (Mr. Elliott Galer), a handsome young nobleman, who falls in love with a fascinating little gipsy at first sight—dreams she is the heiress to large estates—and offers her his heart and hand forthwith. Sylvia, the Forest Flower (Madame d'Este Finlayson), the fascinating little gipsy, is heart whole and sound at sunset, but discovers

Her heart is fled,
Her peace is flown,

before the moonbeams have well penetrated the mysteries of her forest home. Ronald (Miss Fanny Reeves)—the gipsy boy by courtesy, brother to the Forest Flower, a relationship, however, cancelled in the *dénouement*; Toby (Mr. Bentley)—a very meddling Bohemian, whose ideas of the *dolce far niente* of life vacillate between love and 'bacca; Reuben (Mr. Conell)—Gipsy King and heavy man of the piece, whose conscientious scruples respect the feelings of a father, thus clearing a road for the happy termination; and last, though by no means least in stature, Lord Belmore (Mr. Hayes)—the father, we had well nigh said, grandfather to the Forest Flower and the other personages. The situations of the piece are excellently contrived, and the dialogue and business always practical; the former, indeed, far better than operatic singers have ordinarily put down for them. We congratulate Mr. Galer on his venture, and if its success may be gauged by a crowded house, tumultuous applause, and a unanimous call at the termination of the piece, look forward to Sylvia holding its place on the Dean Street bill of fare for a long time to come. Of the performance we can speak in the most unmeasured terms. Madame d'Este Finlayson's gipsy was a charming piece of acting; her artistic singing of a pathetic moreau, "Dark clouds did hover o'er," and, in a duet with the baritone, won most enthusiastic encores. Miss Fanny Reeves was arch and graceful as the gipsy boy, Ronald, singing and acting delightfully. Mr. Galer, the gay young nobleman, sang the two ballads allotted to him with excellent taste. Mr. Conell also did good service as the Gipsy King; and Messrs. Bentley, Hayes, and Baildon were very effective in their various characters.

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